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Periyar E. V. Ramasami

A sketch by K. M. B.

Socratic in his hatred of superstitions, Shavian in his crusade against shams, Voltairian in his vendetta against the vindictive, Tolstoyan in his touching rural simplicity and Jinnayan in his subtle grabbing at leadership, Periyar Ramasami is a rare compound of greatness A Jinnah to the Non-Brahmin Jingoes, he flourishes his trumpets and flagelletes his foes. He is a Richard the Lion-hearted who righteously crusades and risks his life to rescue the Jerusalem of Dravidanad from the unholy possession of the Aryans. He is the accredited Leader of the Justice Party and the arch-enemy of the Congress 'Raj'. Founder of the fiercest schism, he fans the flames of sectarian revolt and fights for founding an Ulster in India. Thomas Hardy was a "peasant with a touch of genius"; Periyar Ramasami is a "tradesman with a touch of the giant". We are living in a time of feverish activity of upheaval and the challenge of a world in revolt "The dams have broken down and the waters are flooding the Land. The old continents are submerged and new and strange worlds are shaping themselves before our eyes. Ancient fabrics are falling, venerable traditions are jettisoned, new Gospels are leaping into the saddle. It is as if we are in a world that has awoke from a sleep and has set out on a furious march with sealed orders. Labour is marching, the women are marching. Religion, politics, journalism, literature all are seething with a new and unintelligent life. Harmony has gone out of music and beauty out of art. The Ten Commandments are challenged and the exploitation of self is elevated into a religion". One of the dynamic shapers of this wonderful world in transition is Periyar Ramasami.

With the Besantian growth of hair on his head, short, soft and of shining silvery hue, with his snow-white patriarchil beard sanctifying his cherublic countenance, with the Shavian growth of longish eye-brows, white, thick and wiry, with his black-rimmed spectacles with a pair of bright eyes flamming through, with a broad and expansive forehead adding to the beauty of the face and his ornamental nose that adorns with its aesthetic shape, Periyar Ramasami looks the leader to the manner born. It is the Prince Kropotkin rather than the peerless Shaw that the Periar resembles in appearance. "Well, I'am not sure whether he's a giant; but I think that he's a saint," said an onlooker, after having gazed at Kropotkin. But his verdict on the Periar might very well be, "I'm not sure whether he's a saint but I'm sure he's a giant". The Periar is of fair complexion and medium height. The build of his body is big, full and strong and the great man's paunch unfailingly greets you. His soft and sensuous lips are roofed over by his moustache and whenever they part for a smile they do not fail to fascinate. His dress is aggressively simple; it is characteristically his own. "An unstudied dress is most becoming to men", and dress is the last thing he studics. His loin-cloth is of four cubit's length. A convenient compromise between a half arm and a coat covers his body and above that he spreads a snuff coloured shawl which is dirt-proof for months. His inevitable accompaniments anywhere and at all times are his handy leather suit-case and a hard and massive staff. While awake and asleep they keep him close

company. The suit-case is a Pandora's Box stuffed to the breaking point with materials and miscellanies from tooth-paste and Eno's salt to the title deeds and paper cuttings.

Not the least peculiar of Periyar's habits is his nonchalant attitue to personal cleanliness. He is comfortably free from the conventional mode of living. He can stand almost anything in life but not a bath. The most embarassing moment in his otherwise happy life is when strangers to his habits innocently inform him in the early hours of the morning that arrangements for his bath are complete. A study of the play of his countenance at such a 'crucial juncture' will repay in immense merriment. The swift resourcefulness with which he struggles to excuse himself and puts off that 'painful necessity' is at once amazing and ludicrous. The one ordeal he dreaded at the hands of his late, loving wife was a compulsory bath; it was more unbearable than compulsory Hindu. While he was seated deeply immersed in study or engaged in writing in earnest, the officious, nurse-like Nagammal would pour out oil on his head and force him to take a bath. Such an annointing ceremony was anathema to him. Nature at least seems to sympathise with his disinclination for the daily routine of cleanliness. His natural teeth having fallen out, his artificial teeth adjust themselves to his convenience; he can attend to their ablutions as and when he likes. As regards his clothes, he difers changing them to the last possible movement.

For some years past Periyar has been a victim to the malady of a monstrous stomach ache. It is at once baffling the doctors and bothering him with pain. It seems to be his peculiarly agreeable bed-fellow. It gives him excruciation pain but gains him premature releases. As a rule the Periyar is altogether indifferent to food: anything that is eatable is good enough for him. He usually eats to live. Like Dr. Johnson the Periyar could fast for days. "but when he does not fast he tears his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his fore-head and the perspiration running down his cheeks." He not infrequently falls an easy prey to the fatal temptations of the palate and practises 'medical disobedience' to the doctor's dietetic injuctions. Reaction sets in immediately and the life of his chronic disease is prolonged. The Periyar's axe of retrenchment plays havoc on the table at home. Though not lacking in the traditional hospitality of his House, he disapproves on principle of more than a a dish for a meal. Maharajahs and millionnaires no less than the man in the street must all be served with the same dishes. His late and loving wife, conforming to his commands in general, refused her co-operation in her husband's dietetic retrenchment. She used to wreak a peculiar vengence on him feasting the guests with a plurability of dishes and treating the host to a feast of pass-over! Even in his travels abroad in England, France and Germany Periyar Ramasami was true to his principles. The cheapest of hotels and in their absence the simplest of hosts was systematically sought for and stayed with by him. Like Abraham Lincoln "he toured the country in public conveyances and stopped at ramshak'e inns" Even in ramshakle inn the least expensive dishes used to be ordered with a grim sense of liberality, he messed on them with the contentment of a Diogenes. All this is again remeniscent of that Doctor and his rigorous days of poverty. Dr. Johnson says that he stayed at London at the house of Mr. Norris, a stay-maker at Exeter Street, adjoining the Strand "I dine very well" says he "for eight pence with good company at the Pine Apple in New Street, just by.........It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine, but I had a cut of meat for six pence, and bread for a penny and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing". Now this picture of Johnson's messing on a meagre amount is just like that of Periyar, save for one improbability. For Periyar would have saved one penny more—that extravagant amount also that the generous yet shrewd Doctor threw away on the waiter. He would not have willingly parted with it. Periyar's philosophy of economy is best summed up in the lines, "He who will not economise," Will one day have to agonize".

It is not exactly parsimony. It has the true ring of an Arcadian simplicity. In the words of Plutarch "he regards nothing to be cheap

(Continued on page 8)

RAMASAMI PERIYAR

—'o:—

Renowned Social Reformer of Tamilnad is 68 today

Today is the 68th birthday of Periyar E. V. Ramasami, revered Social Reformer of the Tamil nad–south India on 17th of Sept. 1878 Periyar E. V. R. was born at Erode.

On that particular day many have born, but there should be some amazing or outstanding reasons to celebrate Periyar's birthday. We are celebrating his birthday to pay our humble tribute to his signal service to the masses submerged in complete ignorance and reduced to total degradation.

He has removed from them the sense of inferiority and superstition and guided them to the rightful path to the onward march of progress and uplift. His unflinching courage, unfaltering devotion and incessant championship of the opposed have won for him a great and influential place in the public life of south India.

Many who have been watching the storms and vicissitudes of his career with considerable interest have adored him today as a great and inspiring leader and amazing Social Reformer. Some have violently opposed him and his Self Respect Party, but nobody could ignore him. He has a definite and recognised place in the public life as one of the principle actors in the social drama of South India.

What is the secret of this remarkable achievement? How was he able to acquire for himself a personality of such compelling force and make himself invaluable as a leader?

The rare combination of qualities and the outstanding virtues of Periyar E. V. Ramasami as a public man are many and varied No man could lead a party to success without immovable conviction in the justice of his cause.

> Men who endeavour to reform human society must feel that what they seek is necessary and helpful for the welfare and happiness of their followmen.

Periyar is a man who is convinced in the righteousness of his cause. It is this burning, passionate belief in the sacredness of his mission that is the mainspring of all his activities besides his manly courage. It is that courage which enabled him to court imprisonment more than once for the sake of causes which he considered to be just and desirable.

PROMPTED BY COURAGE

It is that courage which prompted him to forsake old connections and create a new party when he found that he had to work along a different line for the salvation of his people

There is another quality which contributed not a little to his success–his irrepressible optimism–an essential quality of a leader. Periyar was rarely depressed and dejected. He is full of joy, cheer and radiant hope. He could rouse up enthusiasm in his followers and whip them up to action even when the odds are against them.

In this he is helped with equal ease by his pen and by his tongue. He rejoices in opposition and has the uncanny power of infuriating his opponents. He would use every available weapon of a perfect campaigner, sarcasm, ridicule, rhetoric and logic to score his point and vanquish his opponent.

The greatest and noblest of his qualities are his sincerity and his unselfishness. We have in our country, as there are in others, men entering public life actuated by different motives. Some take to it on account of their insatiable appetite for publicity or ignoble love of power or a pardonable weakness for prominence. But there are others who join it because they could not help remaining out of it. Their instinct calls them to it. Their impulse draws them to it.

Every case of human wrong and injustice makes a personal appeal to their hearts and spurs them to action. It is impossible for them to remain idle and inactive when they see suffering and oppression all round. It is to these men that the world is indebted for its freedom and its progress. Periyar E. V. R. belongs to this noble band of selfless workers. He has no axe to grind. He only desires to serve.

I do not pretend to have given you a complete catalogue of the virtues of Periyar. What I have told you just now are only srggestive. They are not exhaustive. But think I have said enough for you to realise that we have in Periyar's career a model of courage, independence and unselfish service to his fellowmen of which any man could be legitimately proud.

Long Live Periyar!

—Indian Daily Mail (17-9-46), Malaya.

THE JUSTICITE

Erode, Saturday, October 12, 1946.

Prakasam's Dangerous Policy

THE textile Policy adumbrated by the Prime Minister, Prakasam has generated widespread dissatisfaction,not only among the textile interests but among the Public at large. The members of the Cabinet and the distinguished Congress people, too, have been dissatisfied with his present textile Policy.

The Policy of the Central Government is diametrically opposed to the policy pronounced by the Madras Premier. For, the Central Government has suggested optimum of 30 yards of cloth per head in the future and with this intention only it has proposed to establish as many industries as possible for the manifacture of textile goods.

Prakasam's idea of supplanting mill cloth by Khadi does not seem to have occurred to the Interim Government. In fact, the Interim Government, inspite of Ghandi's advice that all the mills should be completely abolished in India, has realised that the only direct and immediate remedy for the prevailing cloth famine is to speed up the production of cloth.

The central Government has also proposed to despatch a textile mission to the overseas with a view to enable the mills in India to produce mill cloth in large quantity.

So it is clear that the Central Government is encouraging the cotton mills. But it is really a wonder to think of the attitude of the Madras Government to the textile Mills of the Madras Presidency.

It is an admitted fact that it is impossible to supply sufficient Khadi goods to all the people in India. Further Prakasam's Textile Policy is not at all adopted by other Provinces in India.

Of course, the present textile Policy of the Premier will win the blessings of Gandhi.

But most of Gandhi's Principles regarding Politics and Social reforms are not applicable to others. This fact is now realised by almost all the people in India.

Then, why should Prakasam pronounce a clumsy statement regarding the textile goods? Is it a fact that Prakasam is very particular about the improvement of Khadi and the abolishment of textile mills in the Madras Presidency with an inclination of winning the favour of Gandhi who is not satisfied with Prakasam's Premiership?

If it is so, is it not economically dangerous to the Madras Presidency? One who closely watches the activities of the Premier of Madras, from the begining of the Congress Ministry, will never fail to come to the conclusion that the Premier Prakasam is trying to keep up his Premiership by hook or crook.

But poor Prakasam does not know that his Premiership will not last long if he is going on earning the dissatisfaction of the Public.

N. Arjunan Expired

N. Arjunan, Elaya Pattagar of Palayakottai, younger son of Late Rai Bahadur Nallathambi Sarkarai Manradiar, brother in law of the Zamindar, Uttukuli, son-in-law of V. C. Velliangiri gounder's brother, Coimbatore, Vice-President of the Dravidian Federation, President of the Dravidian Federation Fund Committee and Assistant District Commissioner of Scout, Coimbatore, expired today (12-10-46) morning at 6 A. M. in his Banglow.

Dr. Gurusami and Dr. Balakrishnan of Madras, Dr. Ramasami Iyer of Coimbatore, Dr. Lt. Col. Menon of the Government Hospital, Erode and Dr. L. K Muthusami of Erode attended upon him when he was suffering from fever but in vain.

N. Arjunan, a youth of age 23, left after him his two children, wife, a large number of influential relatives and friends.

The excess of Police at Golden Rock

NON OFFICIAL ENQUIRY DEMANDED

[Statement of Com. J. B. Purushotham and Com. P. M. Subramaniam, the Vice Presidents of the S. I. R. Labour Union.]

At 6-30 P. M. on 23-9-1946 the Stationery Sub-Magis-

trate, Trichy Taluk handed over the Union buildings and properties of Golden Rock in the presence of the Local Sub Inspector of Police, An inventory of the Articles in the premises was taken. We find that practically all the properties of the Union including Press, Mike,'Raido, Type-writers, Electrical Articles, Cycles, Furnitures and several other articles are damaged beyond repairs. Many other articles are found missing including a car. Cash amounting to about Rs. 5,000 is also missing. A huge volume of Union's Records valuable files and library books not to be found. The Union will submit the details of the loss incurred and the present estimated loss is about Rs. 50,000. The Union will shortly put in a claim to the Government for the payment of Compensation to make good the above losses.

In addition to the above, the properties of the workers and their families who came to attend the Union's usual meetings have been lost for which a further claim will be put forward. The residence of Com. K. Ananda Nambiar M. L. A. has been completely looted.

The Union's building, have also been damaged and whatever articles left over by the Police are in a highly damaged and devastated condition. We have arranged this to be exhibited to the General Public and workers to witness and know about the atrocities committed by the Police on the morning of the 5th September 46 apart from the death of five, so far ascertained, and injuries caused to about 200 workmen. The sight of the Union buildings,

AMBITION, REAL AND IDEAL

(By M. S. P.)

Ambition, by that sin, fell the angels.
By ambition have fallen great Empires
Power and pelf, got by high ambition,
Breed pride and self conceit, paralyse loves.
Love of Victory forestalls tyranny.
Despotism is hated by mankind.
Pease and Good will prevail with the fallen
Noble hearts feel for them and sympathize
Victory and Vanquished shake hands and are friends.
Silly men and vain will crush them for age.
Greed and hatred harden good hearts and true.
Colonies fall off when self-interest booms,
British Empire, all nations Cynosure,
Is loosening its hold firm on India.
The vast great territorial magnate
Will have this Kohinoor for his diadem,
The Soviet will embrace this hoary land.
The Western Demos, to rapacious,
Will forget Kinship in this race for land.
Germany, Japan are object lessons
As victims of covetous Powers allied
For world conquest and predominance there
Democracy in truth prevails nowhere.
President is but king, people–chosen,
Is Great Britain ruled by King or Demos?
Democratic King, Queen phenomenon
Self–abdication by the Eight Edward
Reflects his true royal independence
Which will brook none to interfere in State
Or in the choice of his sweet heart beloved
The mob is led by shrewd in genious men
With catch words or watchwords few in number.
Ahimsa, a mild revolt against the State,
For native freedom and independence;
Charka, a revolt against cheap millcloth,
A clarion call for cottage industries;
Harijan, a masked social revolt in fact
For self-predominance and leadership;
Hindustani, a mania patriotic,
Provoking a war of tongues in the land.
To honour the tongue ancient and rich,
And not a language of but yesterday
Which has yet to find a literature
For itself to be on a par with them.
Ideals set up by self-aggrandisers
Are always illusive and alusive
To tickle the multitude for halos.
They are temporary and tentative,
May be fascinating and enchanting,
But will soon wear away for good and all.
Unity, nation unity, heard
Rumbling through all this Sub-continent too.

Reformers Social are haranguing.
Politicals follow suit and are echoing.
Caste System bickering to be washed off.
Free Temple-Entry to be soon proclaimed.
And Untouchability be null and void.
Should these come true and soon the world will have
The Parliament of Man, the Federation
Of the World, will surely be accomplished.
Reforms to be permanent must be wished
For by the public, not foisted on them.
New Schemes may glare, flare and fare a while.
What people in general have felt as wrong
For long will endure if redressed, set right
Unshadowability, the worst of crimes,
Professed, practised by the so-called Earth God,
Is slowly evanescent with the tide
Of advancing civilisation modern,
Unhonured and unpitied, and unsung.
Ambition is no sin or crime or blame;
Hoarding up no ill-gotten wealth is good
To strip a man by force of his earning
Is illegitimate as competition
For excellence in ways unscrupulous.
Faddists need some hobby horse or other
To ride or mount to while away dry time.
Rake or libertine or libidinist
Or debauchee longs for time's slow place
Enjoy time by day or by night anyhow
No tax on Salt will please all, rich or poor.
The great faddist has taken him to it
The new Congress Rule will earn fame thereby,
The whole world will rejoice on taxless salt
And much more so if all may make free
Ambition is good if it will please all.
An additional feather in the leader's cap.
Happy if linguistic division fathered
By premier be accepted at once.
Justice demands it now though long put off
Dravida Nad will resume its glory,
Its ancient culture and civilisation,
Its arts and crafts once admired in Rome too.
The ambition of ambitions fought for.
The palmy South and its halcy on days.
The clannish fight will cease for equal rights
The fight for eminence among the right tongues
Brotherhood, sisterhood, equality,
Freedom, independence with all their train
May Heaven shower this bliss on our land!

(Continued from page 5)

and properties may reveal that how rude the Police were after Firing in breaking and crushing even the inanimate object such as Press, Radios, Car, etc. On the 5th Sep. 1946 D. S. P. Harrison repeated the history of the Jalian Walabag again at Golden Rock and what is still more paining is that this has been done under a popular Ministry.

H. G. WELLS (Herbert George Wells) 1866—1946

—(O)—

(M. S. P.)

H. G. Wells, a well-known Socialistic writer, has passed away as an octogenarian on the 13th August 1946. His ingenious mind was ever brimful of ideas though he was ill-educated for lack of means and ways. His father was a poor gardener and kept a crockery—shop which seldom enabled him to make both ends meet. In his early years his son sought service under a draper and a quack chemist and was an usher, private tutor, and rapers' assistant in turn. Though underfed and undernourished, he found favour with Tom Huxley and learnt natural science at his feet in the Royal College at Kensington. He made his debut in the field of literature with his treatise on biology which was still born. Under the spell of scientific discoveries and inventions,

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We appeal to the general public, workers, Kisans, Students and other Organisations to force the Government of Madras to hold a Non-Official enquiry about Golden Rock Firing and its consequences. We also request them to contribute liberally to the Relief Fund organised by the Union to help Families of the victims, wounded, and render legal aid to those who have been prosecuted so far in connection with the Strike.

he wrote the story of the Time Machine which had at first seen the world under the name of the **Chronic Argonauts**. He captivated the public mind as a scientific romancist or Castle builder in the air. **His War of the Worlds** describes the onset of the planet Mars on the terrestrial globe. His **War in the Air** anticipated the modern Aeroplanes, known at first as Zeppelins in Germany. He fancied the **Food of the Gods** which increased the dimensions of human beings and made them ruminate at electric speed.

When the twentieth century dawned, he hit upon what proved to be his favourite field of novel writing. His early life and experiences supplied materials enough for them. His bad schooling economic hardship and frivolity are portrayed in the characters of **Lewisham,** an earnest pedant, squalid and distressed, nevertheless snobbish and darting his sly amorous glances on a young lady at the cash desk. To the Category of **Love and Lewisham** belong the romance of **Kipps** and the **History of Mr. Polly.** Like the novelist Kipps was a draper's helper before he had an inheritance, and frequented fashionable quarters. Mr. Polly was not under nourished like Lewisham though he suffered hardship like him. He had bursts of fresh and original ideas now and then and his joke and compassion, bravery and timidity at once made him interesting to the reader. His life was miserable, dunned by creditors, ragged by his wife, and tormented by dyspepsia. He exhibited his bravery in his defence of the Potwell Inn against Uncle Jim who besieged it, and his weak heart in his recourse to poison and suicide in vain. His **Nono Bungay** was also an exhibition of the economic maladies of the midling class Tono a rich upstart Philistine quack suddenly deprived of his fortune. In this romance there are digressions on religion, politics, finance **et hoc genus omne.** His novels lost their novel interest in course of time and had hoards of observations and prattle, letting the plot interest go. His scientific interest overpowered his genius for entertaining his literary audiences and his study of the Science of Life which followed the **World of William Clissold** engrossed his time and opportunity and revealed the didactic turn of his insatiate mind or brain.

Though Mr. Wells wrote many romances and novels with vivid descriptions of life and its quiddities, he had no prose style to be called his own. He possessed wonderful vitality and was a great thought stimulator, however crushed in spirit he was for lack of good education and for want of means for decent living, Besides his many remarkable stories like Ann Veronica, the New Machiavelli, The wonderful Island of Dr. Moreau, The Stotlen Bacillus, The Wheels of Chance, The Wonderful Visit, The Invisible Man, When the Sleeper Wakes, The First Men in the Moon, which are too many to be reviewed here, the sociological trilogy of **Anticipations, Mankind in the Making,** and **A Modern Utopia** is of great interest to the modern social reformer and leveller in this democrtic age.

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A WORD TO THE BRAHMINS

——)O(——

By "Chanakya"

The Congress politics in the province today indicates a clear trend. The guilty conscience feels this but styles it as a Brahmin-Non-Brahmin trend. They feel that if only they had been careful enough in the early days not to let in any of the justicites who were rushing into the Congress for power, they would not have been forced to face an issue like the present.

But a word to the South Indian Brahmins. Why should they consider themselves a separate entity, super in all aspects, taking the cue, from Manu's "Smrithi" and other Aryan Scripture. Are you really so? Think of the past with an unbiassed mind.

Was it not a fact that there was no class like the Brahmin in the Dravidian period and it was only after the Aryan invasion in the South, during the period of Rama (who is now an idol for Gandhiji) that some of our forefathers became converts to the Aryan cult and as administrators under the Rama Raj got the priveleged position in Society? By playing this role, which of course is very ignominous, they were responsible for destroying the

homogeneity of the Dravidian Group.

As years rolled on, by virtue of the position already attained, the Brahmin group began to dominate the social life in the Dravidian area and the natives were under the thump of the Brahmin sect.

With the advent of British Imperialism which was bound to play a progressive in its early stages in that it was forced to destroy the already existing feudal economy and switch on to its capitalist economy, it was again this Brahmin sect that because of its position as the custodian of knowledge and as law—makers, easily swiched themselves into the new situation and became the connecting link between the British administrators and the native people.

The Brahmin created barrier to knowledge was smashed by the British administrators and the access to it was universalised. The erstwhile down trodden begin to see light and rise to assert their rights.

This is how the Brahmin group should see the whole movement. They should realise that they are only converts to an alien cult and they have their all in common with the natives of the land. It is high time that they should realise this and identify themselves with the Dravidian aspirations. They should now decide to cast away the shakles imposed on them by their forefather converts.

Having said this much to the Brahmin group, the Non-Brahmin group in the Congress also should be plain in their dealings. It is alright they have risen to assert their rights. It is by itself a healthy sign. But today their actions, method and tactics will only lead the majority of the group to suspect their "bona fides", Why is this?

It is because their action is just like the attitude of the mother-in-law who chided her daughter-in law for having taken the right upon herself to refuse alms to the beggar at the door. Similarly, it now seems that the fight of the Non-Brahmin Congressmen is only, like the mother-in-law, our the right to surrender to North Indian dictation.

If this proves a fact, then let them be sure, they will also be swept away by the current, to be replaced by a sensible leadership which will serve the real interests of the natives.

(Liberator.)

(Continued from page 2)

that is superfluous; for what one does not need is dear at a penny; and it is better to possess fields where the plough goes and cattle feed, than fine gardens that require much watering and sweeping." Not only does he practise the strictest economy himself; he expects the same from others, especially from friends. He can forgive almost anything in a man, even drunkenness and debauchery but one who lives beyond one's means is the very embodiment of vice, imprudence incarnate. Such an one can hardly win his regard; he shuns him and shies at his sight. Of the tyrants and of death, of diseases and of dangers the Periyar is altogether fearless; but the few things he athors and frantically dreads are costly and gaudy dress, second class Railway Journey and luxury in any expensive shape. He hates luxury and the luxury-lovers with equal impartiality. An apple a day may keep a doctor away; but according to the Periyar an apple a day may usher in the creditor's sway. The high price of that commodity has permanently scared him away; he all but repeat the fox's cry "the grapes may be sour." Aesthetics are so rigorously equated with economies. The principle of utility has come to replace the pleasure of beauty in the Periyar. He is a utilitarian with a vengence. The Mandlin sentiment of a Mahatma which made him break down with tears at the thought of Westminister in ruins is anathema to the soul of Periyar that is essentially prosaic and materialistic. Like the first man, he is of the earth earthy All this immunity to the artistic appeal is so natural to him, he is hardly ashamed of it.

"Let us learn the meaning of economy" says he with Emerson. "Economy is a high human office—a sacrament when its aim is grand, when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom, or for love or devotion." But it is not always that Periyar's economy is a sacrament and his aim a grand one. At times his economy assumes a repulsive shape. It is militant and aggressive to a degree. It deadens his generous instincts and dangerously darkens his heart.

(To be continued)

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